

THE MAINE

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

UNION CAMP IN TENNESSEE.

TWO PROJECTED NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

SPRITED SKIRMISH AT DAVISTOWN, MD.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN RAINS AND MONTGOMERY.

MORE ARRESTS IN MARYLAND.

GEN. LEE REPULSED BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 14.—The rebels commenced an advance yesterday morning on both piers towards Elkhorn and Cheat Mountain summit. They succeeded in surrounding the fort on the summit and cut off Cheat Mountain. The rebels advanced to Elkhorn, a distance of about two miles of our troops, when few shells from Leonis' battery dispersed them. Skirmishing was kept up all night. This morning two regiments were sent to cut their way through to the summit, and succeeded, the rebels retreating in all directions.

Two rebel officers sprang around our camp at Elkhorn this morning, captured by our pickets and sent to us. The body of one of them was brought into camp, and proved to be that of Col. John A. Washington of Mount Vernon.

SKIRMISH AT HALL'S HILL—MAINE SOLDIERS TAKE PRISONERS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Reliable intelligence reached here to-night that during the day the rebel picked fire on our pickets near Hall's House. We returned the fire, killing seven and wounding others of the rebels. This afternoon the rebels advanced Hall's House and burned it, with its contents, to the ground, capturing a lieutenant and two men of the Maine regiment. The London *Globe* announces that the army in Canada is to be reinforced by 2,500 men during the present month.

France. Napoleon has gone to Bioritz. It is said that he interview with the King of Prussia will not take place until after the latter's coronation.

Italy. A diplomatic circular by Riccioli has been published explaining the prevailing brigandism in the Neapolitan provinces. It says it is inspired from Rome, and that the Government will not pause in its efforts for the unity of Italy. Antonelli is preparing a reply.

Paris. The *Times* of Paris, asserts that if the Papal Government persists in refusing the guarantees offered for the independence of the Holy See, the people of Rome must be appealed to, and if they elect Victor Emmanuel, the French troops on the following day will be relieved by Italian soldiers.

Austria. The Hungarian question continued to be debated in the Diet of the Kingdom of the Habsburgs.

The upper house agreed upon an address to the Emperor, who expressed sincere satisfaction at the patriotic sentiments thereof.

Russia. The new despatch by the Emperor of Russia to the Governor of Poland is very conciliatory in tone.

SHARP SHOOTERS FOR THE WAR.

MAINE. The *Advertiser* of the 11th says that the Maine Regt., is to be raised in the State, under the direction of Jas. F. Fessenden, Esq., Recruiter. It will be raised in Cape Race on the 14th.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

MISSING.

Not among the wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the missing,
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears,
Fathers death is told her,
For these two out-casten years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow flower;
With the birds singing,
All around the little door.

Soberty, the sleek old horse
Drowns in his patch of sun;

Neath the sun's warm rays,
All the morning's work is done.

Through the widow comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn;

Fragrant, the flowers, the respers,
And the rustling of the corn;

And the rich breath of the garden—
Where the gildes mellow lie,

Where the blushing plums are growing
Like the flowers in the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshines—
Leaving in her easy chair;

With a smile, her hair dishevelled,
And the silver in her hair.

Blind to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn;

Thinking, while her heart is aching,
Of the loss of her fire-breath.

How he left her in the springtime,
With his young heart full of flame;

With his love's ringing flood,

With his life's own flame;

How with tears his eyes were brimming,
As he kissed a last "Good-bye."

Yet she lets him whistling gayly
At a parting, a parting.

Men say, Why should he be missing?
He would fight until he fell;

And if wounded, ill, or prisoner,
Some one there would find him.

Safe to return to cheer her;
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the clash of the drum!

Safe to return to the day of Austerlitz—
In the end, in the end,

She will hear his quickening footsteps

In the rustling of the corn.

Or we may, with the world,
With her heart's own steps leading high,

Thinking she hears him whistling,

In the pathway through the trees.

Far away, through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade—

That the Battle Staff has made.

With the rust upon his musket—

In the eye and in the moon—

With the rank-guns of the firm-horse,

Let his sabre sound first-born.

Our Story-Teller.

THE BLACK SAXONS.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

Tyrants are but the spaws of ignorance,
That frown on every principle on earth;

Or who, contented with a glimmer of light,
And see that tyranny is always weakness,

Or who, in their own bosom sit at ease;

Would not then be a wise choice,

With the rust upon his musket—

In the eye and in the moon—

With the rank-guns of the firm-horse,

Let his sabre sound first-born.

The following story, which is very suggestive

of this crisis, is strictly true. The southern gentle-man, who visited the swamp in disguise, and heard the speeches of the slaves, repeated them, as nearly as he could recollect, to a friend of Mrs. Child, and she committed them to writing. The incidents occurred during the war of 1812, when the probability of the British landing on our coast was imminent.

Mr. Duncan was sitting alone in his elegantly furnished parlor, in the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina. Before him lay an open volume, Thiers's History of the Norman Conquest. From the natural kindness of his character, and democratic thoughts deeply imbedded in childhood, his thoughts dwelt more with nation prostrated and kept in base subjection by the strong arm of the conqueror, than with the renowned robbers, who seized their rich possessions, and haughtily tramped on their decent rights.

"And so that bold and beautiful race became slaves!" thought he. "The brave and free soul'd Harrods, strong in heart and strong of arm; the fair-haired Ediths, in their queenly beauty, noble in soul as well as ancestry; these all sank to the condition of the slaves! They were submis-sive to their masters, and the heavy hand of the master's rod was upon them; and the contemptuous Norman epithet of 'these Saxon churl's' was but too significantly true. Yet not without effort did they sink. How often renewed, or how bravely sustained, we know not; for troubadours rarely sing of the defeated, and conquerors write their own history. They did not reflect on their rich possessions, and the contemptuous Norman epithet of 'these Saxon churl's' was but too significantly true. Yet not without effort did they sink."

These thoughts were passing through his mind, when a dark mulatto opened the door, and making a serviceable reverie, stood in waiting, tones, as if he were a slave, good as gib a pass to go to Methodist meeting."

Mr. Duncan was a proverbially indulgent master, and he at once replied, "Yes, Jack, you may have a pass; but you must mind and not stay out all night."

"Oh, no, massa. You never preach more than two hours."

Scantly was the pass written before another, and was covered with a similar request; and presently another, and yet another. When these interruptions ceased Mr. Duncan resumed his book and quietly read of the oppressed Saxons, until the wish for a glass of water induced him to ring the bell. No servant obeyed the summons. With an impatient jerk of the rope he rang a second time, muttering to himself, "What a curse it is to be a wayward slave! I wish I could in what would not take this freedom if they could, yet by some coincidence of thought, the frequency of Methodist meetings immediately suggested the common report that British troops were near the coast, and about to land in Charleston. Simul-taneously came the remembrance of Big-bone Dick, who, many months before, had absconded from a neighboring planter, and was suspected of holding a rascally plot, to make the swampy depths of some dark forest. The report of such a gang was indicated by the rapid disappearance of young corn, sweet potatoes, fat hogs, etc., from the plantations for many miles around.

"The black rascal!" exclaimed he; "if my boys are here!"

The coming threat was arrested by a voice which, like a chorus from some invisible choir, sang up from the dark, wild, black of Robin Hood, and thus brought Big-bone Dick, like Banquo's ghost, unbidden and unconscious, with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churl," whom tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

His republican sympathies, and the "system" entailed upon him by his master, were obviously born of joint with each other. The white men that set us to murder him. I ain't a-going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered, for he's a good master."

"Call him a good master if you like," said the bold young youth, with a bitter sneer in his look and tone, and thus brought Big-bone Dick, like Banquo's ghost, unbidden and unconscious, with his spontaneous sympathy for Saxon serfs, his contempt of "base Saxon churl," whom tamely submitted to their fate, and his admiration of the bold outlaws, who lived by plunder in the wild freedom of Saxon forests.

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"And I wouldn't murder my master," said Mr. Duncan's slave; "and I'd fight anybody that set out to murder him. I ain't a-going to work for him for nothing any longer, if I can help it; but he shan't be murdered, for he's a good master."

"Would you murder all?" inquired a timid voice at his right hand. They don't all cruelize their slaves."

"There's one Mr. Campbell," pleaded another, "he never had one of his boys dogged in his life. You wouldn't kill him, would you?"

"Oh, no, no, no," shouted many voices; "we would never set children to George; we would never harm their souls; they will join the forty thousand by and by."

Come, shall slave trader, come to me;

The Lord's got a parson here for you;

You won't harm my slaves; if you do,

My skin is black, but my soul is white;

And when we get to heaven we'll all be alike;

We will join the forty thousand by and by."

That's the way to glorify the Lord.

Scarcely had the cracked voice ceased the tumult in which the slaves were waiting, when eyes, as they have done to us! Hunt them with your steel, and they have done to us! Show them their carcasses to the crows they have fattened on the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled them traitors by the robbers who had beggared them. Doubtless they did reflect on their master's conduct in giving up their slaves to the robbers.

And these Robin Hoods and his bold followers, floating in dim and shadowy glories on the out-skirts of history, brave outlaws of the free forest, and the wild mountain passes, taking back, in the very teeth of danger, a precarious subistence from the rich possessions that were once their own; and therefore styled them traitors by the robbers who had beggared them. Doubtless they did reflect on their master's conduct in giving up their slaves to the robbers.

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In the eye and in the moon—

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